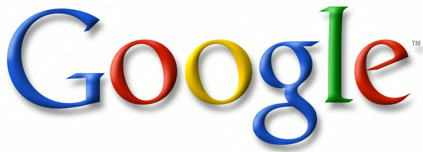

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FROM

Prof. J. H. Ropes

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Edward J. Lowell, Esq.
with the kind regards
of Robt. C. Winthrop.

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CENTENNIAL ORATION

AT

YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA,

19TH OCTOBER, 1881.

BY

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

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[SECOND EDITION.]

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ORATION

ON

THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS

TO THE COMBINED FORCES OF AMERICA AND FRANCE,
AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA,

19TH OCTOBER, 1781:

DELIVERED AT YORKTOWN,

19TH OCTOBER, 1881.

BY

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.
1881.

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Prof. J. H. Ropes

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.

Second Edition.

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INVITATION AND ANSWER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 16, 1880.

SIR, — Provision has been made by an Act of Congress for a Centennial Celebration of the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, — the ceremonies to take place on the 19th of October, 1881. The national importance of the great event which closed the War for American Independence calls for a tribute to the devotion of our fathers, and the imposing civil fabric which they reared, from one of their accomplished sons; and we respectfully invite you to deliver the Oration on that occasion, and assure you that the two Houses of Congress whom we represent, and in whose halls you have performed a brilliant and honorable service, will consider your acceptance of this invitation a distinguished favor to themselves and to the country.

With sentiments of the highest respect,

Your obedient servants,

GEO. B. LORING,
FRANCIS KERNAN,
JOHN GOODE,
E. H. ROLLINS,
H. B. ANTHONY,
Committee on Oration and Poem.

Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,
BOSTON, MASS.

BOSTON, MASS., 22 December, 1880.

The Honorable GEORGE B. LORING, FRANCIS KERNAN, JOHN GOODE, E. H. ROLLINS, H. B. ANTHONY, *Committee of U. S. Congress.*

GENTLEMEN, — Your obliging communication of the 16th inst. reached me a few days ago. I am deeply conscious of my own insufficiency for meeting so great an occasion as you propose to me. But such an invitation, for such a service, and from such a source, cannot be declined.

Coming from the Capitol, and communicated by a Committee of the two Houses of Congress, it has the force of a command, and I dare not disobey it.

I shall therefore hold myself at the disposition of the Committee of Arrangements on the 19th of October next, at Yorktown, Virginia, — God willing.

Believe me, gentlemen, with a grateful acknowledgment of the complimentary terms of your letter,

Very faithfully and respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

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ORATION.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND
FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES:—

I AM profoundly sensible of the honor of being called to take so distinguished a part in this great Commemoration, and most deeply grateful to those who have thought me worthy of such an honor. But it was no affectation, when, in accepting the invitation of the Joint Committee of Congress, I replied that I was sincerely conscious of my own insufficiency for so high a service. And if I felt, as I could not fail to feel, a painful sense of inadequacy at that moment, when the service was still a great way off, how much more must I be oppressed and overwhelmed by it now, in the immediate presence of the occasion! As I look back to the men with whom I have been associated in my own Commonwealth,— Choate, Everett, Webster, to name no others, —I may well feel that I am here only by the accident of survival.

But I cannot forget that I stand on the soil of Virginia,—a State which, of all others in our Union, has never needed to borrow an orator for any occasion, how-

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ever important or exacting. Her George Mason and Thomas Jefferson, her James Madison and John Marshall, were destined, it is true, to render themselves immortal by their pens, rather than by their tongues. The pens which drafted the Virginia Bill of Rights, the Declaration of American Independence, and so much of the text, the history, the vindication and the true construction, of the American Constitution, need fear comparison with none which have ever been the implements of human thought and language. But from her peerless Patrick Henry, through the long succession of statesmen and patriots who have illustrated her annals, down to the recent day of her Rives, her McDowell, and her Grigsby, — all of whom I have been privileged to count among my personal friends, — Virginia has had orators enough for every emergency, at the Capitol or at home. She has them still. And yet I hazard nothing in saying that the foremost of them all would have agreed with me, at this hour, that the theme and the theatre are above the reach of the highest art; and would be heard exclaiming with me, in the words of a great Roman poet, — "Unde ingenium par materiæ?" — Whence, whence, shall come a faculty equal to the subject? For myself, I turn humbly and reverently to the only Source from which such inspiration can be invoked!

Certainly, Fellow-Citizens, had I felt at liberty to regard the invitation as any mere personal compliment, — supremely as I should have prized it, — I might have hesitated about accepting it much longer than I did hesitate. But when I reflected on it as at least including a compliment to the old Commonwealth of

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which I am a loyal son, — when I reflected that my performance of such a service might help, in ever so slight a degree, to bring back Virginia and Massachusetts, even for a day — Would that it might be forever! — into those old relations of mutual amity and good nature and affection which existed in the days of our Fathers, and without which there could have been no surrender here at Yorktown to be commemorated, — no Union, no Independence, no Constitution, — I could not find it in my heart for an instant to decline the call. Never, never could I shrink from any service, however arduous, or however perilous to my own reputation, which might haply add a single new link, or even strengthen and brighten an old link, in that chain of love, which it has been the prayer of my life might bind together in peace and good will, in all time to come, not only New England and the Old Dominion, but the whole North and the whole South, for the best welfare of our common Country, and for the best interests of Liberty throughout the world!

Not the less, however, have I come here to-day in faint hope of being able to meet the expectations and demands of the occasion. For, indeed, there are occasions which no man can fully meet, either to the satisfaction of others or of himself; — occasions which seem to scorn and defy all utterance of human lips; whose complicated emotions and incidents cannot be compressed within the little compass of a discourse; whose far-reaching relations and world-wide influences refuse to be narrowed and condensed into any formal sentences or paragraphs or pages; — occasions when the booming cannon, the rolling drum, the swelling trumpet, the cheers of multi-

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tudes, and the solemn Te Deums of churches and cathedrals, afford the only adequate expression of the feelings, which their mere contemplation, even at the end of a century, cannot fail to kindle.

Yet, if it be not in me, — at an age which might fairly have exempted me altogether from such an effort, — to do full justice to the grand assembly and the grander topics before me, — it, certainly, is in me, my friends, to breathe out from a full heart the congratulations which belong to this hour; to recall briefly some of the momentous incidents we are here to commemorate; to sketch rapidly some of the great scenes which gave such imperishable glory to yonder Bay and River, and their historic banks; to name with honor a few, at least, of the illustrious men connected with those scenes; and above all, and before all, to give some feeble voice to the gratitude which must swell and fill and overflow every American breast to-day, towards that generous and gallant Nation across the sea — represented here at this moment by so many distinguished sons, of so many endeared and illustrious names, — which helped us, so signally and so decisively, at the most critical point of our struggle, in vindicating our rights and liberties, and in achieving our national Independence.

Yes, it is mine, — and somewhat peculiarly mine, perhaps, notwithstanding the presence of the official representatives of my native State, — to bear the greetings of Plymouth Rock to Jamestown; of Bunker Hill to Yorktown; of Boston, recovered from the British forces in '76, to Mount Vernon, the home in life and death of her illustrious Deliverer; and there is no

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office, within the gift of Congresses, Presidents, or People, which I could discharge more cordially and fervently. And may I not hope, — as one who is proud to feel coursing in his veins the Huguenot blood of a Massachusetts patriot, who enjoyed the most affectionate relations with the young Lafayette, when he first led the way to our assistance; — as one, too, who has personally felt the warm pressure of his own hand, and received a benediction from his own lips, under a father and a mother's roof, nearly threescore years ago, when he was the guest of the nation; — and, let me add, as an old presiding officer in that representative chamber at the Capitol, where, side by side with that of Washington, — its only fit companion-piece, — the admirable full-length portrait of the Marquis, the work and the gift of his friend Ary Scheffer, was so long a daily and hourly feast for my eyes and inspiration for my efforts; — may I not hope, that I shall not be regarded as a wholly unfit or inappropriate organ of that profound sense of obligation and indebtedness to Lafayette, to Rochambeau, to De Grasse, and to France, which is felt and cherished by us all at this hour?

For, indeed, Fellow-Citizens, our earliest and our latest acknowledgments are due this day to France, for the inestimable services which gave us the crowning victory of the 19th of October, 1781. It matters not for us to speculate now, whether American Independence might not have been ultimately achieved without her aid. It matters not for us to calculate or conjecture how soon, or when, or under what circumstances, that grand result might have been accomplished. We all know that, God willing, such a consummation was as

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certain in the end as to-morrow's sunrise, and that no earthly potentates or powers, single or conjoined, could have carried us back into a permanent condition of colonial dependence and subjugation. From the first blood shed at Lexington and Concord, from the first battle at Bunker Hill, Great Britain had lost her American Colonies, and their established and recognized independence was only a question of time. Even the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777, — the only American battle included by Sir Edward Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," of which he says that "no military event can be said to have exercised a more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind," and of which the late Lord Stanhope had said that this surrender "had not merely changed the relation of England and the feelings of Europe towards these insurgent colonies, but had modified, for all times to come, the connection between every Colony and every parent State," — even this most memorable surrender gave only a new assurance of a foregone conclusion, only hastened the march of events to a predestined issue. That march for us was to be ever onward until the goal was reached. However slow or difficult it might prove to be, at one time or at another time, the motto and the spirit of John Hampden were in the minds, and hearts, and wills, of all our American patriots — "Nulla vestigia retrorsum" — No footsteps backward.

Nor need we be too curious to inquire, to-day, into any special inducements which France may have had to intervene thus nobly in our behalf, or into any special influences under which her King, and Court, and People

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resolved at last to undertake the intervention. We may not forget, indeed, that our own Franklin, the great Bostonian, had long been one of the American Commissioners in Paris, and that the fame of his genius, the skill and adroitness of his negotiations, and the magnetism of his personal character and presence, were no secondary or subordinate elements in the results which were accomplished. As was well said of him by a French historian, "His virtues and his renown negotiated for him; and, before the second year of his mission had expired, no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and an army to the compatriots of Franklin." The Treaty of Commerce and the Treaty of Alliance were both eminently Franklin's work, and both were signed by him as early as the 6th of February, 1778. His name and his services are thus never to be omitted or overlooked in connection with the great debt which we owe to France, and which we so gratefully commemorate on this occasion.

But signal as his services were, Franklin cannot be named as standing first in this connection. Nearly two years before his Treaties were negotiated and signed, a step had been taken by another than Franklin, which led, directly and indirectly, to all that followed. The young LAFAYETTE, then but nineteen years of age, a captain of the French dragoons, stationed at Metz, at a dinner given by the commandant of the garrison to the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III., happened to hear the tidings of our Declaration of Independence, which had reached the Duke that very morning from London. It formed the subject of animated and excited conversation, in which the enthusi-

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astic young soldier took part. And before he had left the table, an inextinguishable spark had been struck and kindled in his breast, and his whole heart was on fire in the cause of American liberty. Regardless of the remonstrances of his friends, of the Ministry, and of the King himself, in spite of every discouragement and obstacle, he soon tears himself away from a young and lovely wife, leaps on board a vessel which he had provided for himself, braves the perils of a voyage across the Atlantic, then swarming with cruisers, reaches Philadelphia by way of Charleston, South Carolina, and so wins at once the regard and confidence of the Continental Congress, by his avowed desire to risk his life in our service, at his own expense, without pay or allowance of any sort, that on the 31st of July, 1777, before he was yet quite twenty years of age, he was commissioned a Major-General of the Army of the United States.

It is hardly too much to say, that from that dinner at Metz, and that 31st day of July in Philadelphia, may be dated the train of influences and events which culminated, four years afterwards, in the surrender of Cornwallis to the Allied Forces of America and France. Presented to our great Virginian commander-in-chief, a few days only after his commission was voted by Congress, an intimacy, a friendship, an affection, grew up between them almost at sight, which might well-nigh recall the classical loves of Achilles and Patroclus, or of Æneas and Achates. Invited to become a member of his military family, and treated with the tenderness of a son, Lafayette is henceforth to be not only the beloved and trusted asso-

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ciate of Washington, but a living tie between his native and his almost adopted country. Returning to France in January, 1779, after eighteen months of brave and valuable service here, — during which he had been wounded at Brandywine, had exhibited signal gallantry and skill while an indignant witness of Charles Lee's disgraceful, if not treacherous, misconduct at Monmouth, and had received the thanks of Congress for important services in Rhode Island, — he was now in the way of appealing personally to the French Ministry to send an army and a fleet to our assistance. He did appeal; and the zeal and force of his arguments at length prevailed. Beaumarchais had already done something for us in the way of money; and the amiable and well-meaning Count D'Estaing, at one time a protégé of Voltaire, had, indeed, already made efforts in our behalf with twelve ships of the line and three frigates. Poor Marie Antoinette must not be forgotten as having prompted and procured that assistance. D'Estaing, however, owing in part to the want of wise counsel and co-operation, had accomplished little or nothing for us, and had left our shores to die at last by the guillotine. But now, by the advice and persuasion of Lafayette, the army of Rochambeau, and afterwards the powerful fleet of the Count de Grasse, are to be sent over to join us; and the young Marquis, to whom alone the decision of the King was first communicated as a state secret, hastens back with eager joy to announce the glad tidings to Washington, and to arrange with him for the reception and employment of the auxiliary forces.

Accordingly, on the 10th of July, 1780, a squadron

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of ten ships of war, under the unfortunate Admiral de Ternay, brings Rochambeau with six thousand French troops into the harbor of Newport, with instructions "to act under Washington and live with the Americans as their brethren;" and the American officers are forthwith desired by Washington, in general orders, "to wear white and black cockades as a symbol of affection for their Allies."

Nearly a full year, however, was to elapse before the rich fruits of that alliance were to be developed,— a year of the greatest discouragement and gloom for the American cause. The gallant but vainglorious Gates, whose head had been turned by his success at Saratoga, had now failed disastrously at Camden; and Cornwallis, elated by having vanquished the conqueror of Burgoyne, was instituting a campaign of terror in the Carolinas, with Tarleton and the young Lord Rawdon as the ministers of his rigorous severities, and was counting confidently on the speedy reduction of all the Southern Colonies. Our siege of Savannah had failed to recover it from the British. Charleston, too, had been forced to capitulate to Clinton. Not the steady conduct and courage of Lincoln; not the resolute endurance and heroism of Greene, the great commander of the Southern Department; not the skilful strategy of Lafayette himself in foiling Cornwallis at so many turns and leading him into countless perplexities and pitfalls; not all the chivalry of Sumter and Marion and Pickens; not the noble and generous example of his own Virginia, exposing and almost sacrificing herself for the relief and rescue of her Southern sisters; not even our well-won victories at King's

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Mountain under Campbell and Shelby, and at the Cowpens under the glorious Morgan, — could keep Washington from being disheartened and despondent in looking for any early termination of the cares and responsibilities which weighed upon him so heavily.

The war on our side seemed languishing. The sinews of war were slowly and insufficiently supplied. All the untiring energy and practical wisdom and patriotic self-sacrifice of Robert Morris, the great Financier of the Revolution, without whom the campaign of 1781 could not have been carried along, hardly sufficed to keep our soldiers in food and clothing. Discontents were gathering and growing in the Army, and even its entire dissolution began to be seriously apprehended. A provision that all enlistments should be made to the end of the war, and entitling all officers, who should continue in service to that time, to half-pay for life, did much, for the moment, to reanimate the recruiting system and give new spirits and confidence to the officers. But it was soon found that, in many of the States, enlistments could only be effected for short terms; while the half-pay for life was rendered odious to the people, and, before the war was over, had become the subject of a commutation, which to this hour has been but partially fulfilled, and which calls loudly, even amid these Centennial rejoicings, for equitable consideration and adjustment. The Confederation which was to unite the strength, wealth, and wisdom of all the Colonies "in a perpetual Union," which had been signed by so many of them three years before, and which now, on the 1st of March, 1781, has just received the tardy signature of the last of them, is but miserably fulfilling its promise.

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Arsenals and magazines, field equipage and means of transportation, and, above all, both men and money, are lamentably wanting for any vigorous offensive campaign. "Scarce any one of the States," says Bancroft, "had as yet sent an eighth part of its quota into the field," and there was no power in the Confederate Congress to enforce its requisitions. In vain did the young Alexander Hamilton, at only twenty-three years of age, with a precocity which has no parallel but that of the younger Pitt, pour out lessons of political and financial wisdom from the camp, in which he is soon to display such conspicuous valor, arraigning the Confederation as "neither fit for war nor peace." In vain had Washington written to George Mason, not long before,—"Unless there be a material change both in our civil and military policy, it will be useless to contend much longer;"—following that letter with another, as late as the 9th of April, 1781, to Colonel John Laurens, who had gone on a special mission to Paris, in which he gave this most explicit warning: "If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. . . . We cannot transport the provisions from the States in which they are assessed to the army, because we cannot pay the teamsters, who will no longer work for certificates. Our troops are approaching fast to nakedness, and we have nothing to clothe them with. Our hospitals are without medicine, and our sick without meat, except such as well men eat. All our public works are at a stand, and the artificers

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disbanding. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and *now or never our deliverance must come.*"

God's holy name be praised, deliverance was to come, and did come, now!

Any material change in our civil policy was, indeed, to await the action of civil rulers; but Washington, himself and alone, could happily control our military policy. And he did control it. Within forty days from the date of that emphatic letter to Laurens, — on the 18th of May, 1781, — Rochambeau, with the Marquis de Chastellux, leaves Newport for Wethersfield, in Connecticut, to hold a conference with Washington at his call. On the 6th of July, the union of the French troops with the American army is completely accomplished at Phillipsburg, ten miles only from the most advanced post of the British in New York, — the two armies united making an effective force of at least ten thousand men. On the 8th, Washington has a review of honor of the French troops, Rochambeau having reviewed the American troops on the 7th. On the 19th of August, the united armies commence their march from Phillipsburg, and reach Philadelphia on the 3d of September, where, Congress being in session, the French army, as we are told in the journal of the gallant Count William de Deux-Ponts, "paid it the honors which the King had ordered us to pay." And in that journal, so curiously rescued from a Paris bookstall on one of the Quais, in 1867,[1] the Count most humorously adds: "The thirteen members of Congress took off their thirteen hats at each salute of the flags and of the officers; and that is all I have seen that was respectful or remark-

[1] By Dr. Samuel A. Green, of Boston.

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able." Well, that was surely enough. What more could they have done? Virginia herself, even in her earlier, I will not presume to say her better, days of the strictest construction, could not have desired or conceived a more significant and signal homage to the doctrine of States' Rights, than those thirteen hats so ludicrously lifted together at the successive salutes of each French officer and each French flag!

Thus far the destination of the Allied Armies was a secret even to themselves. Certainly, Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief at New York, was carefully kept in ignorance of Washington's plans, and was even made to believe that on himself the double bolt was to fall. He was, indeed, so sorely outwitted and perplexed that he is found, at one moment, sending urgent orders to Cornwallis for large detachments of his Southern army; at another moment, promising to send substantial reinforcements to him; and at last making up his mind, too late, to join Cornwallis in person, with as little delay as possible. Meantime, in the hope of creating a diversion, he despatches the infamous Arnold — whose treason had shocked the moral sense of mankind less than a year before, of whom Washington is at this moment writing "that the world is disappointed at not seeing him in gibbets," and who had just been recalled from an expedition in this very region, where he had burned and pillaged whatever he could lay his hands on, or set his torch to, along yonder James River — to prosecute his nefarious exploits at the North, and strike a parricidal blow upon his native State. Poor New London and the heroic Ledyard are now to pay the penalty of with-

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standing the audacious traitor, by the burning of their town and the brutal massacre of the garrison and its commander.

But no diversion or interruption of Washington's plans could be effected in that way or in any other way; and at length those plans are divulged and executed under circumstances which give assurance of success, and which cannot be recalled, even at this late day, without an irrepressible thrill of delight and gratitude.

> "Felix ille dies, felix et dicitur annus,
> Felices, qui talem annum videre, diemque"!

Leaving Philadelphia, with the Army, on the 5th of September, Washington meets an express near Chester, announcing the arrival, in Chesapeake Bay, of the Count de Grasse, with a fleet of twenty-eight ships of the line, and with three thousand five hundred additional French troops, under the command of the Marquis de St. Simon, who had already been landed at Jamestown, with orders to join the Marquis de Lafayette!

"The joy," says the Count William de Deux-Ponts in his precious journal, "the joy which this welcome news produces among all the troops, and which penetrates General Washington and the Count de Rochambeau, is more easy to feel than to express." But, in a foot-note to that passage, he does express and describe it, in terms which cannot be spared and could not be surpassed, and which add a new and charming illustration of the emotional side of Washington's nature. "I have been equally surprised and touched," says the gallant Deux-Ponts, "at the true and pure joy of General Washington. Of a natural coldness and of a serious

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and noble approach, which in him is only true dignity, and which adorn so well the chief of a whole nation, his features, his physiognomy, his deportment, all were changed in an instant. He put aside his character as arbiter of North America, and contented himself for a moment with that of a citizen, happy at the good fortune of his country. A child, whose every wish had been gratified, would not have experienced a sensation more lively, and I believe I am doing honor to the feelings of this rare man, in endeavoring to express all their ardor."

Thanks to God, thanks to France, from all our hearts at this hour, for " this true and pure joy " which lightened the heart, and at once dispelled the anxieties of our incomparable leader. It may be true that Washington seldom smiled after he had accepted the command of our Revolutionary Army, but it is clear that on that 5th of September he not only smiled but played the boy. The arrival of that magnificent French fleet, with so considerable a reinforcement of French troops, gave him a relief and a rapture which no natural reserve or official dignity could restrain or conceal, and of which he gave an impulsive manifestation by swinging his own chapeau in welcoming Rochambeau at the wharf. In Washington's exuberant joy we have a measure, which nothing else could supply, of the value and importance of the timely succors which awakened it. Thanks, thanks to France, and thanks to God, for vouchsafing to Washington at last that happy day, which his matchless fortitude and patriotism so richly deserved, and which, after so many trials and discouragements, he so greatly needed.

" All now went merry," with him, "as a marriage bell."

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Under the immediate influence of this joy, which he had returned for a few hours to Philadelphia to communicate in person to Congress, where all the thirteen hats must have come off again with three times thirteen cheers, and while the Allied Armies are hurrying Southward, he makes a hasty trip with Colonel Humphreys, to his beloved Mt. Vernon and his more beloved wife,—his first visit home since he left it for Cambridge in '75. Rochambeau with his suite joins him there on the 10th, and Chastellux and his aids on the 11th; and there, with Mrs. Washington, he dispenses, for two days, "a princely hospitality" to his foreign guests. But the 13th finds them all on their way to rejoin the army at Williamsburg, where they arrive on the 15th "to the great joy of the troops and the people," and where they dine with the Marquis de St. Simon. On the 18th, Washington and Rochambeau, with Knox and Chastellux and Du Portail, and with two of Washington's aids, Colonel Cobb, of Massachusetts, and Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., of Connecticut, embark on the "Princess Charlotte" for a visit to the French fleet; and early the next morning they are greeted with "the grand sight of thirty-two ships of the line,"—for De Barras from Newport had joined De Grasse, with his four ships, magnanimously waiving his own seniority in rank,—"in Lynn Haven Bay, just under the point of Cape Henry." They go on board the Admiral's ship,—the famous "Ville de Paris," of one hundred and four guns,—for a visit of ceremony and consultation, and, at their departure, the Count de Grasse mans the yards of the whole fleet and fires salutes from all the ships. A few days more are spent at Williamsburg on their return, where

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they find General Lincoln already arrived with a part of the troops from the North, having hurried them, as Washington besought him, "on the wings of speed," — and where the word is soon given, "On, on, to York and Gloucester!"

Washington takes his share of the exposure of this march, and the night of the 28th of September finds him, with all his military family, sleeping in an open field, within two miles of Yorktown, without any other covering, as the journal of one of his aids states, "than the canopy of the heavens, and the small spreading branches of a tree," which, the writer predicts, "will probably be rendered venerable from this circumstance for a length of time to come." Yes, venerable, or, certainly, memorable, forever, if it were known to be in existence. You will all agree with me, my friends, that if that tree, which overshadowed Washington sleeping in the open air on his way to Yorktown, were standing to-day — if it had escaped the necessities and casualties of the siege, and were not cut down for the abattis of a redoubt, or for camp-fires and cooking-fires, long ago — if it could anyhow be found and identified in yonder Beech Wood, or Locust Grove, or Carter's Grove, — no Wellington Beech or Napoleon Willow, no Milton or even Shakspeare Mulberry, no Oak of William the Conqueror at Windsor, or of Henri IV. at Fontainebleau, nor even those historic trees which gave refuge to the fugitive Charles II., or furnished a hiding-place for the Charter which he granted to Connecticut on his Restoration, would be so precious and so hallowed in all American eyes and hearts to the latest generation.[1]

[1] Washington Irving says it was a Mulberry.

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Everything now hurries, almost with the rush of a Niagara cataract, to the grand fall of Arbitrary Power in America. Lord Cornwallis had taken post here at Yorktown as early as the 4th of August, after being foiled so often by "that boy," as he called Lafayette, whose Virginia campaign of four months was the most effective preparation for all that was to follow, and who, with singular foresight, perceived at once that his lordship was now fairly entrapped, and wrote to Washington, as early as the 21st of August, that "the British army must be forced to surrender." Day by day, night by night, that prediction presses forward to its fulfilment. The 1st of October finds our engineers reconnoitring the position and works of the enemy. The 2d witnesses the gallantry of the Duke de Lauzun and his legion in driving back Tarleton, whose raids had so long been the terror of Virginia and the Carolinas. On the 6th, the Allied Armies broke ground for their first parallel, and proceeded to mount their batteries on the 7th and 8th. On the 9th, two batteries were opened,—Washington himself applying the torch to the first gun; and on the 10th, three or four more were in play,—"silencing the enemy's works, and making," says the little diary of Colonel Cobb, "most noble music." On the 11th, the indefatigable Baron Steuben was breaking the ground for our second parallel, within less than four hundred yards of the enemy, which was finished the next morning, and more batteries mounted on the 13th and 14th.

But the great achievement of the siege still awaits its accomplishment. Two formidable British advanced redoubts are blocking the way to any further approach,

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and they must be stormed. The allied troops divide the danger and the glory between them, and emulate each other in the assault. One of these redoubts is assigned to the French grenadiers and chasseurs, under the general command of the Baron de Viomesnil. The other is assigned to the American light infantry, under the general command of Lafayette. But the detail of special leaders to conduct the two assaults remains to be arranged. Viomesnil readily designates the brave Count William to lead the French storming party, who, though he came off from his victory wounded, counts it "the happiest day of his life." A question arises as to the American party, which is soon solved by the impetuous but just demand of our young Alexander Hamilton to lead it. And lead it he did, with an intrepidity, a heroism, and a dash, unsurpassed in the whole history of the war. The French troops had the largest redoubt to assail, and were obliged to pause a little for the regular sappers and miners to sweep away the abattis. But Hamilton rushed on to the front of his redoubt with his right wing, led by Colonel Gimat and seconded by Major Nicholas Fish, heedless of all impediments, overleaping palisades and abattis, and scaling the parapets, — while the chivalrous John Laurens was taking the garrison in reverse. Both redoubts were soon captured; and these brilliant actions virtually sealed the fate of Cornwallis. "A small and precipitate sortie," as Washington calls it, was made by the British on the following evening, resulting in nothing; and the next day a vain attempt to evacuate their works, and to escape by crossing over to Gloucester, was defeated by a violent and, for us, most providential

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storm of rain and wind, — of which the elements favored us with a Centennial reminiscence last night. Meantime, not less than a hundred pieces of our heavy ordnance were in continual operation, and "the whole peninsula trembled under the incessant thunderings of our infernal machines." Would that no machines more truly "infernal" had brought disgrace on any part of our land in these latter days! But these brought victory at that day. A suspension of hostilities, to arrange terms of capitulation, was proposed by Cornwallis on the 17th; the 18th was occupied at Moore's House in settling those terms; and on the 19th the articles were signed by which the garrisons of York and Gloucester, together with all the officers and seamen of the British ships in the Chesapeake, "surrender themselves Prisoners of War to the Combined Forces of America and France."

And now, Fellow-Citizens, there follows a scene than which nothing more unique and picturesque has ever been witnessed on this continent, or anywhere else beneath the sun. Art has essayed in vain to depict it. Trumbull — whose brother, not he himself, was an eyewitness of it as one of Washington's aids — has done his best with it; and his picture in the Rotunda of the Capitol is full of interest and value, giving the portraits of the officers present, as carefully taken by himself from the originals. John Francis Renault, too — assistant secretary of the Count de Grasse, and an engineer of the French Forces — has left us a contemporaneous engraved sketch of it, which has quite as many elements of fancy as of truth. In this engraving all the officers are on foot, while Trumbull has rightly put most of them on horseback. Meantime, Renault not only gives Corn-

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wallis surrendering his sword in person, though we all know that he did not leave his quarters on that occasion, but looks forward a full century and exhibits in the background the Column which ought to have been here long ago, but of which the corner-stone was only laid yesterday!

Standing here, however, on the very spot, to-day, with the records of history in our hands, — as summed up in the brilliant volumes of Bancroft and Irving, or scattered through the writings of Sparks, or spread in detail over the "Field Book" of Lossing, or on the more recent pages of Carrington's "Battles of the Revolution" and Austin Stevens's American Historical Magazine, not forgetting the precious journals and diaries of Thacher and Trumbull and Cobb, of Deux-Ponts and the Abbé Robin, and of Washington himself, nor that of the humbler Anspach Sergeant in the "Life of Steuben," — we require no aid of art, or even of imagination, to call back, in all its varied and most impressive details, a scene, which as we dip our brush to paint it now, at the end of a hundred years, seems almost like a tale of Fairy-Land.

We see the grand French Army drawn up for upwards of a mile in battle array, ten full regiments, including a Legion of cavalry with a Corps of Royal Engineers, — Bourbonnais and Soissonais, Royal Deux-Ponts, Saintonge and Dillon, who have come from Newport, — with the Touraine, the Auxonne, the Agénais, and the Gâtinais, soon to win back the name of the Royal Auvergne, who had just landed from the fleet. They are all in their unsoiled uniforms of snowy white, with their distinguishing collars and lappels of yellow,

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and violet, and crimson, and green, and pink, with the Fleurs de Lis proudly emblazoned on their white silk regimental standards, with glittering stars and badges on their officers' breasts, and with dazzling gold and silver laced liveries on their private servants, — the timbrel, with its associations and tones of triumph, then "a delightful novelty," lending unaccustomed brilliancy to the music of their bands!

Opposite, and face to face, to that splendid line, we see our own war-worn American Army; — the regulars, if we had anything which could be called regulars, in front, clad in the dear old Continental uniform, still "in passible condition;" a New York brigade; a Maryland brigade; the Pennsylvania Line; the light companies made up from New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Massachusetts; a Rhode Island and New Jersey battalion with two companies from Delaware; the Canadian Volunteers; a park of Artillery with sappers and miners; and with a large mass of patriotic Virginian militia, collected and commanded by the admirable Governor Nelson. Not quite all the Colonies, perhaps, were represented in force, as they had been at Germantown, but hardly any of them were without some representation, individual if not collective, — many of them in simple, homespun, every-day wear, many of their dresses bearing witness to the long, hard service they had seen, — coats out at the elbow, shoes out at the toe, and in some cases no coats, no shoes, at all. But the STARS AND STRIPES, which had been raised first at Saratoga, floated proudly above their heads, and no color-blindness on that day mistook their tints, misinterpreted their teachings, or failed to recognize the union they betokened and the glory they foreshadowed!

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Between these two lines of the Allied Forces, so strikingly and strangely contrasted, the British Army, in their rich scarlet coats, freshly distributed from supplies which must otherwise have been delivered up as spoils to the victors, and with their Anspach, and Hessian, and "Von Bose" auxiliaries in blue, are now seen filing,—their muskets at shoulder, "their colors cased," and their drums beating "a British or German march,"—passing on to the field assigned them for giving up their standards and grounding their arms, and then filing back again to their quarters. There is a tradition that their bands played an old English air, "The World is turning upside down," as they well might have done, and that the American fifes and drums struck up Yankee Doodle. But all such traditions are untrustworthy, and no such incidents are needed to give the most vivid effect and lifelike reality to that imposing picture of a hundred years ago.

We would not, if we could, my friends, recall at this hour anything which should even seem like casting reproach or indignity upon the armies or the rulers of old Mother England at that day or at any day. She did what any other nation would have done, our own not excepted, to hold fast her possessions, and to avert so serious a disruption of her Empire. And if she did it unwisely, unjustly, tyrannically, as so many of her great statesmen at the time declared, and as so many of her later historians and ministers have admitted, we may well remember that the principles and methods of free government were but little understood by kings or cabinets of that age. How unjust to carry back and apply the opinions and principles of a later to a former century!

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Who doubts that good old George III. spoke from his conscience as well as from his heart, when he said so touchingly to John Adams, on receiving him as the first American Minister at the Court of St. James, "I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed my people"? We are here to revive no animosities resulting from the War of the Revolution, or from any other war, remote or recent;—rather to bury and drown them all, deeper than ever plummet sounded. For all that is grand and glorious in the career and example of Great Britain, certainly, we can entertain nothing but respect and admiration; while I hazard little in saying, that for the continued life and welfare of her illustrious sovereign, whom neither Anne nor Elizabeth will outshine in history, the American heart beats as warmly this day as if no Yorktown had ever occurred, and no Independence had ever separated us from her imperial dominion. And we are ready to say, and do say, "God save the Queen," as sincerely and earnestly as she herself and her ministers and her people have said, "God save the President," in those recent hours of his agony!

There is a tradition that when shouts of triumph were beginning to resound, as the scene which I have so feebly portrayed went on, Washington himself restrained and rebuked them, exclaiming, "Let posterity cheer for us!" The phrase does not altogether sound to me like his. But my late accomplished friend, Lord Stanhope, in his valuable history of that period, bears testimony to a similar incident. "Yet Washington," he says, "with his usual lofty spirit, had no desire to ag-

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gravate the anguish and humiliation of honorable foes. On the contrary, he bade all spectators keep aloof from the ceremony, and suppressed all public signs of exultation."

And let us not fail to remember that England paid us the compliment of sending over the bravest and best of her soldiers and officers, to this and every other field of the American War. Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and Cornwallis were all foemen worthy of any steel. It certainly would not have detracted from the permanent fame of Cornwallis, — it would have added to it rather, — could he have summoned up nerve enough to march manfully at the head of his troops and surrender his sword to Washington in person. Yielding at last to superior force, — for the Allied Army was double his own, — and without a cloud upon his courage, there was nothing for him to shrink from in such an act. But unstrung, as he evidently was, by the wear and tear of a long suspense, and by the disappointing and vexatious delays of Sir Henry Clinton, — whose promised reinforcements reached the Chesapeake four or five days too late, — the plea of ill-health was readily accepted. We may well leave it to Horace Walpole to call him "a renegade," — as he does, — for having obeyed his Sovereign by coming over to conquer America, after being one of a very few members in the House of Lords to enter a protest against some of the arbitrary acts or declarations which gave occasion to the war. We may leave it to Walpole, too, to tell the story of his having vowed, before he came, that "he would never pile up his arms like Burgoyne." The remembrance of such a vow, if he ever made it, would naturally have embar-

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rassed and confused him at Yorktown, — more especially if he recalled the vow while dating his original proposal to surrender — as he did — on the very anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender! But no malicious gossip of Strawberry Hill must prevent our recognition of Lord Cornwallis as a brave and accomplished officer, the very ablest of all the British Generals in the American War, destined to the Governorship of Bengal a few years afterwards, and later to the Governor-Generalship of all India, where he was not only to receive the jewelled sword of Tippoo Saib, after the great victory at Seringapatam, but was to win the higher honor of being called "the first honest and incorruptible governor India ever saw, after whose example hardly any governor has dared to contemplate corruption. Other governors," it is added, "were conquerors, so was he; but his victories in the field, and they were brilliant, are dim beside his victory over corruption." Nor is it a much less enviable distinction for him, that, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, while it was the scene of a rebellion, he pacified the Irish by conciliatory and moderate measures. We should all rejoice, I am sure, if a similar tribute should be won, as it seems so likely to be, by the present Lord Lieutenant, under the lead of the eloquent and accomplished Gladstone.

There were other British officers here destined to great distinction. Among them was Lieutenant-Colonel Abercromby, who led the little sortie on the night before the Capitulation was tendered, who had commanded a regiment during the whole War, who succeeded Cornwallis as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in India, and died, as Sir Robert Abercromby, the oldest General in the service, in 1827.

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Among them, too, was the young Lord Rawdon, who had been conspicuous at Bunker Hill, when hardly of age, and who had played a distinguished part at Camden. He was here only as an enforced spectator, however, — having been brought to the Chesapeake as a prisoner of war by De Grasse, who had captured him a few weeks before on board a Charleston packet. He went home at last to be Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings, and, like Cornwallis, Governor-General of India. His name may well be recalled, as adding another to the remarkable number of notabilities of all countries, who were more or less associated with Yorktown.

And, indeed, but for the delays of Sir Henry Clinton, the young Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., then a midshipman in the British fleet here, might, perchance, have added something even of Royal dignity to the scene.

But I must not forget the second in command on this field, who led up the British forces to the formal surrender, bringing the sword of Cornwallis in his hand, — the gallant and genial Brigadier Charles O'Hara; a man of singular elegance and personal beauty; a strict and thorough disciplinarian; the special friend of that General Conway, afterwards Field-Marshal Conway, whose efforts against the Stamp Act, and to put an end to the War, secured him not only the respect of all America, but even a portrait in Faneuil Hall, — which, alas, the British soldiers destroyed or carried away at the evacuation of Boston. O'Hara went home to be wounded at the siege of Toulon in 1792, and to die ten years later as Governor of Gibraltar. It was of him that

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it is said in "Cyril Thornton,"—a favorite novel half a century ago, — by an author who knew him well, — "His appearance was of that striking cast, which, once seen, is not easily forgotten. General O'Hara was the most perfect specimen I ever saw of the soldier and courtier of the last age. Notwithstanding the strictness of discipline which he scrupulously enforced, no officer could be more universally popular. The honors of the table were done by his staff, and the General was in nothing distinguished from those around him, except by being undoubtedly the gayest and most agreeable person in the company." It may not be less interesting to recall the fact, that he was on the point of being married, in 1795, to Miss Mary Berry, — Horace Walpole's Miss Berry, — so celebrated in the social history of London, who lived to be ninety, and who, forty-eight years after the engagement was broken, reopened the packet of letters which had passed between them, and left a touching record, which is in her published Memoirs, of "the disappointed hopes and blighted affections that had deepened the natural vein of sadness in her character." Whatever misunderstandings or mistakes may have broken off the match, to the great sorrow of them both, it is certainly nowhere suggested that the lady thought any the worse of her lover, because he had been the dignified and graceful bearer of Cornwallis's sword to Washington. This gay agreeable person dined here with Washington at head-quarters, on the very day of the Surrender; and Col. Trumbull makes special note in his Diary that "he was very social and easy."

But I turn at once from anything sentimental or romantic to others of the real, substantial actors of

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the day. And there could surely be nothing more real, or more substantial, than the American General now deputed by Washington to receive the sword from O'Hara's hand, and to conduct him and the British host to the field for laying down their arms,—the sturdy, stalwart BENJAMIN LINCOLN, of Massachusetts, the senior American Major-General on the ground, nearly fifty years of age and of a plump and portly figure, who had conducted the Northern Army to this place, had occupied the right of the line, at Wormeley's Creek, during the siege, and who is now instructed to mete out to the surrendering forces the same precise measure of consideration and honor which Clinton and Cornwallis had meted out to him, at his recent capitulation of Charleston. A few months afterwards he was elected by Congress the first Secretary of War of the United States, and had the privilege, in that capacity, of presenting to Washington the two British Yorktown standards assigned to him by Congress, and of receiving from Washington, in reply, a most affectionate acknowledgment of "particular obligations for able and friendly counsel in the Cabinet and vigor in the field." Lincoln deserved it all for patriotic and persevering service during the whole Revolution. Nor will Massachusetts ever forget the invaluable aid which he rendered to Governor Bowdoin in the suppression of Shays' Rebellion in 1786–87.

And here, too, from Massachusetts,—for I will finish the roll of my own State before passing to others,—was HENRY KNOX, Brigadier-General in command of the American Artillery, which he had organized and conducted from the siege of Boston to that of Yorktown,

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as stanch and as responsive as any one of the very field-pieces, whether six or twelve or eighteen or twenty-four pounders, which he tended and trained up in the way they should go, as his own children; — who, as Chastellux bears witness, "seldom left the batteries, incessantly directing the artillery, and often himself pointing the mortars;" whose energy and activity, in providing heavy cannon for this siege, led Washington to say of him, in the report to Congress which secured his promotion to a Major-Generalship, that "the resources of his genius supplied the deficit of means." He, also, was afterwards Secretary of War of the United States, succeeding Lincoln in 1785, and serving in the cabinet of Washington until his resignation in 1794.

And here, under Knox, as a Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, was the brave and devoted Ebenezer Stevens, like Knox a Boston boy, a son of Liberty, one of the Tea-party; whose services, here and elsewhere, were of the highest value, in connection with Colonel Lamb of New York, and Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington of Virginia, and Major Bauman; who lived to superintend the fortifications on Governor's Island, in New York Harbor in 1800; and having fixed his residence in that city, to command the Artillery of the State in the War of 1812.

James Thacher, of old Plymouth, was here, as a Surgeon, — under Washington's favorite Surgeon, James Craik, of Virginia, — the author of an interesting "Military Journal" of the Revolution, and among whose papers I have seen a rough sketch of the Surrender. Colonel Joseph Vose was here, sometime at the head of the first Massachusetts Continental Infantry, but now

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in Lafayette's corps. And DAVID COBB was here, in the enviable capacity of an Aid to Washington, who kept a little Diary on the field from which I have already quoted; who lived to hold both military and judicial office in Massachusetts, and who will always be associated with that brave saying of his, during Shays' Rebellion, — "I will sit as a Judge or die as a General."

Colonel TIMOTHY PICKERING was here also, who from his first bold resistance to the British Troops at the Salem drawbridge in '75, before Bunker Hill or even Concord and Lexington, down to the end of the War, did memorable military service; who was with Washington in his famous retreat across the Jerseys, and was Adjutant-General at Brandywine and Germantown. He was here as Quarter-Master General of the American Army, and was afterwards Secretary of War and Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet.

But let me hasten to the representatives of other States.

New Hampshire was represented here by HENRY DEARBORN, a brave and devoted officer from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, afterwards Secretary of War to Jefferson and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but here as Assistant Quarter-Master General to Pickering; and by Nicholas Gilman, afterwards a member of the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, and for many years a Representative and Senator in Congress under the Constitution, but who now, as Deputy Adjutant-General, received from Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was sent for the purpose by Washington, the return of exactly 7,050 men surrendered. But New Hampshire may claim the

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distinction of having sent to this field its most distinguished victim, the lamented young ALEXANDER SCAMMELL, who, though a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard, was here in immediate command of New Hampshire troops; who, surprised while out with a reconnoitring party, in an early stage of the siege, was mortally and basely wounded by his captors; and of whose death on the 6th of September, it is said by Henry Lee of Virginia, in his "Memoirs of the War," "This was the severest blow experienced by the allied army, throughout the siege; not an officer in our army surpassed in personal worth and professional ability this experienced soldier."

Connecticut was represented here by Lieutenant-Colonel Ebenezer Huntington and Major John Palsgrave Wyllis, and especially by Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., a Secretary and Aide-de-Camp of Washington, and the son of the great Revolutionary War Governor, Jonathan Trumbull,—and by Colonel DAVID HUMPHREYS, another and most valued member of Washington's military family, to whose care the captured standards of the surrendering Army were consigned, who received a sword from Congress in acknowledgment of his fidelity and ability, and to whom Washington presented the epaulettes worn by himself throughout the war,—now among the treasures of the Massachusetts Historical Society;—afterwards a minister to Portugal and to Spain; one of the earliest importers of merino sheep; a miscellaneous and somewhat prolific poet; and who commanded the Militia of Connecticut in the War of 1812.

Rhode Island was represented here by Colonel Jere-

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miah Olney at the head of one of her regiments, and by his distant relative, the gallant Captain Stephen Olney, who was the first to mount the parapet and form his company in Hamilton's redoubt on the 14th.

New Jersey was represented here by Elias Dayton, Francis Barber, and Matthias Ogden, at the head of her regiments of Continental Infantry, as well as by Colonel Aaron Ogden, afterwards United States Senator and Governor of the State.

Pennsylvania was represented here by General Peter Muhlenberg, — a relative of the first Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, — who had thrown off his gown, as a Lutheran preacher, in '76, in Virginia, "to organize out of his several congregations one of the most perfect battalions in the army"; — by Adjutant-General Edward Hand and Colonel Walter Stewart, — by Brodhead, and Moylan, and the two Butlers, at the head of her regiments, and Parr at the head of her Rifle Battalion; — by Arthur St. Clair, born in Scotland, grandson of an Earl of Rosslyn, who had been with Amherst at Louisburgh, and with Wolfe at Quebec, who is here as a volunteer in Washington's military family, afterwards to be President of the Continental Congress; — and, pre-eminently, by ANTHONY WAYNE, the hero of Stony Point, "Mad Anthony," as he was sometimes called, here in command of the Pennsylvania line, and who died, in 1796, as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.

Maryland was represented here by General Mordecai Gist, by Adams and Woolford and Moore and Roxburgh, in command of her regiments and battalions, and more especially by Colonel TENCH TILGHMAN, a favorite

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Aid of Washington, who was deputed by him to bear the tidings of the surrender to Congress.

New York was represented here by James Clinton, a brother of Vice-President George Clinton, — whose statue is now in the rotunda of the Capitol, — and the father of the eminent De Witt Clinton; who, himself, having served as a Captain in the old French War, and as a colonel under the lamented Montgomery in 1775, was now, as Major-General, in command of New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island troops, with Van Schaick, and Van Dyck, and Van Cortlandt as his Colonels. But New York had other representatives on this field, lower in grade, but one of them, at least, second to none of her soldiers or citizens, either in immediate estimation or in future eminence. ALEXANDER HAMILTON was here, I need hardly repeat, commanding a battalion of Lafayette's light infantry, and who by his heroism at the redoubt, as we have seen, had been one of the most conspicuous contributors to the result of which he was now a witness. Destined to so early and brilliant a career in the Convention which framed the Constitution, as one of the principal writers of the "Federalist," and as the organizer of our financial system in the Cabinet of Washington, he is a bright particular star, with no lessening ray, on the field of Yorktown, never to be lost sight of in the history of our country. Nor must his friend and fellow officer of the light infantry battalion, — Major NICHOLAS FISH, — fail to be mentioned, who shared with him the perils of the storming party, who lived a pure, patriotic, and useful life, and who gave the name of Hamilton to a son, whose recent discharge

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of the duties of Secretary of State has added fresh distinction to the name.

I cannot pass from the name of Hamilton without recalling at once that heroic representative of South Carolina who was here with him, and who was hardly second in interest — to every American eye, certainly — to any other figure on this field: — the young JOHN LAURENS, often called "the Bayard of the American Revolution," — son of Henry Laurens, once President of the Continental Congress, but at this moment a prisoner in the Tower of London, of which, by a striking coincidence, Lord Cornwallis was the titular Constable. After having served on the staff of Washington, — who "loved him as a son," and who said of him that "he had not a fault that he could discover, unless it was an intrepidity bordering on rashness," — he had now just returned from a confidential and successful mission to France, for which he had received the thanks of Congress. He was with Hamilton in storming the redoubt, and had the signal distinction of being one of the two commissioners, with the Vicomte de Noailles, the brother-in-law of Lafayette, to arrange the terms of the surrender, at Moore's House, with Colonel Dundas and Colonel Ross of the British Army. His untimely death, at only twenty-eight years of age, within a year afterwards, in a petty skirmish in South Carolina, while serving under General Greene, produced a shock throughout the whole country. Roland, at Roncesvalles, just a thousand years before, did not leave a more fragrant and enduring memory. It has been well said of him, that "of all the youthful soldiers of the Revolution, there is not one upon whose story the recollections of his contemporaries have more fondly

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dwelt." There was no one of his period for whom the highest honors of our land might have been more safely predicted; no one in whose ear it might have been more confidently whispered a hundred years ago to-day:

"Si quà fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!"

His father nobly said, on hearing of his death, just after his own release from the Tower, "I thank God I had a son who dared to die for his country."

The soldiers of South Carolina, at the moment of this siege, had enough to do at home in defence of their own firesides and families, — of which the Battle Flag of their gallant William Washington, borne by him at the Cowpens and at Eutaw, and ordered by the Governor of the State to be brought here by the old Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, is a touching and precious reminder. But one such representative of the State on this field as John Laurens, is enough to secure her a proud and distinguished place in the memories of this anniversary.

Nor was the Canada of that day without a worthy representative here in the person of Colonel Moses Hazen, who had been wounded under Wolfe on the heights of Quebec, who rendered valuable service to the end of our war, and was promoted to be a Brigadier-General of our army, but was here in command of a regiment of Canadians, recruited by himself, sometimes called "Congress's Own" and sometimes "Hazen's Own."

And now, Fellow-Citizens, let me by no means proceed further without naming, with every degree of em-

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phasis and distinction, that sterling soldier and thorough disciplinarian, who had been an aide-de-camp of Frederick the Great, and served at the celebrated siege of Schweidnitz in Prussia, but who joined the American Army in 1777, and drilled, and disciplined, and fairly reorganized it, so untiringly and so effectively, at Valley Forge,— Major-General Baron von Steuben. He was here in command of the combined division of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania troops, and as Inspector-General of the Army of the United States. It fell to his lot to receive the first overture of capitulation while on his tour of duty in the trenches, and he resolutely refused to leave those trenches till the British flag was struck. The very last letter which Washington wrote as Commander-in-Chief, dated on the very day of his resignation at Annapolis, was a letter of compliment and gratitude to Steuben; and to no one did Washington or the American Army owe more than they owed to him. All honor to the memory of the brave old German soldier from every heart and lip here gathered, and a cordial welcome to the representatives of his family who have accepted the invitation of the United States to assist at this Commemoration!

And in the same connection may be justly named Brigadier-General Chevalier Du Portail, who commanded the engineers on this field, and who, on Washington's special recommendation, was promoted by Congress, for his services at the siege, to be a Major-General of the United States Army.

These, I believe, were the only two distinguished foreign officers, — apart entirely from Lafayette and the French auxiliary officers — who were present at York-

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town. Pulaski had fallen two years before at Savannah; De Kalb a year before, at Camden; while Kosciusko was still at the south with General Greene, where he succeeded the lamented Laurens; — all three of them brave, heroic men, whose names can never be omitted from the roll of honor of the American Revolution.

Such, Fellow-Citizens, were the principal officers, from other States, and other parts of the country and of the world, who were gathered on this Virginia field, in immediate association with the American Line.

Opposite to them, in that splendid French Line, stood the gallant strangers who had been so generously sent to our aid.

Here, at the head of them, was the veteran Count de Rochambeau, now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and in the thirty-ninth year of his military service, who had long been known and noted for his bravery in the wars of the Continent. Cool, prudent, reserved, conciliatory, no one could have been more perfectly suited to the delicate duties which devolved upon him in co-operating with an army of a different land and language, and no one could have discharged those duties more faithfully. Perhaps his very ignorance of the English tongue was a positive safeguard and advantage for him: it certainly saved him from hearing or saying any rash or foolish things. Washington bore witness, in the letter bidding him farewell, to the high sense he entertained of the invaluable services he had rendered "by the constant attention he had paid to the interest of the American cause, by the exact order and discipline of the corps

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under his command, and by his readiness at all times to give facility to every measure to which the force of the combined armies was competent." Congress presented to him two of the captured cannon, with suitable inscriptions and devices, — which long adorned the family château in the Vendôme, — in testimony of the illustrious part he had played here. His name on the still-delayed Column — one of only three names in the originally prescribed inscription — will soon be engraved where all the world can read it. Returning home at the close of our war, he received the highest honors from his sovereign; was Governor successively of Picardy and Alsace; commanded the French Army of the North; and in 1791 was made a Marshal of France. Narrowly escaping the guillotine of Robespierre, he lived to receive the cordon of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon, and died in 1807, at eighty-two years of age. We welcome the presence of his representative, the Marquis de Rochambeau, at this festival, and of Madame la Marquise, here happily at my side, and offer them the cordial recognition which is due to their name and rank.

Here, in equal rank and honor with Rochambeau, stood the Count de Grasse, in the fifty-eighth year of his age; who was associated with our War for Independence hardly more than a month, but who during that momentous month did enough to secure our lasting respect and gratitude; whose services, as Lieutenant-General and Admiral of the Naval Army and Fleet of France, in yonder bay, were second in importance to none in the whole siege; to whom Washington did not hesitate to write, the very day after the event: "The surrender of

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York, from which so great glory and advantage are derived to the Allies, and the honor of which belongs to your Excellency." The sympathies of all his companions here were deeply stirred, when, losing his famous flagship and a large part of his fleet on his way home, he reached England as a prisoner of Admiral Rodney, to be released only after our Treaty of Peace was signed; and, though he had vindicated his conduct before a court-martial demanded by himself, to die in retirement after a few years, without having regained the favor of a sovereign, who could pardon anything and everything but defeat. Honor this day to the memory of the brave Count de Grasse, whose name, as Washington wrote to Rochambeau on hearing of his death, "will be long deservedly dear to this country"!

Here, second in command of the French Line, was that worthy and excellent General, the Baron de VIOMESNIL, who brought a gallant brother, the Viscount, with him, and who himself returned home "to be killed before the last rampart of Constitutional Royalty," on the 10th of August, 1792.

Here, in hardly inferior rank, was Major-General the Marquis de CHASTELLUX; genial, brilliant, accomplished, the Journal of whose tour in America — indifferently translated and scandalously annotated by an English adventurer — is full of the liveliest interest; who returned home to be one of the immortal Forty of the French Academy, welcomed by a discourse of Buffon on Taste; and, better still, to receive one of the very few humorous and playful letters which Washington ever wrote, — bantering him "on his catching that

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terrible contagion, domestic felicity," which, alas! he only lived to enjoy for six years. Washington had before written to him, soon after his return home: "I can truly say, that never in my life have I parted with a man to whom my soul clave more sincerely than it did to you."

The Admiral Count de BARRAS was here, — the senior naval officer of France at the siege, but who generously waived his seniority; who was privileged, however, to sign the Articles of Capitulation for himself and the Count de Grasse; who was fortunate enough to escape any share in the defeat by Rodney; who reached home in season to be promoted, and then to die before the outbreak of a Revolution in which his nephew, of the same name, was famous as a Jacobin and regicide, and afterwards as the head of the Directory.

The magnificent Duke de LAUZUN was here, conspicuous by his tall hussar cap and plume, — afterwards Duke de Biron, — a gay Lothario in the salon, but dauntless in the field, who, at the head of his legion, put Tarleton himself to flight; but who returned home to be, in 1793, one of the victims of the guillotine.

Two of the LAVAL-MONTMORENCYS were here: the Marquis, at the head of the Bourbonnais regiment; and his young son, the Viscount Matthieu, afterwards the Duke de Montmorency, — an intimate friend of Madame de Staël, long a resident at Coppet, and who was eminently distinguished, in later years, for his accomplishments and his philanthropy.

The young Count AXEL DE FERSEN was here, — a Swedish nobleman, an Aid to Rochambeau, "the

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Adonis of the camp;" who returned to France to become a suitor of Madame de Staël and a favorite of Marie Antoinette; — to whose zeal in aiding the flight of the King and Queen, with "a glass-coach and a new berline," himself on the box, Carlyle devotes an early and humorous chapter of his "French Revolution," — and who was killed at last by a mob in Stockholm, in 1810, on an unfounded charge of having been privy to the murder of a popular prince.

The brave young Duke de Rouerie was here, under the modest title of Colonel Armand, who, after good service in our cause for two years, had sailed for France in February, 1781, but had returned in September in season to be at the siege, and was a volunteer at the capture of one of the redoubts. Before the war was over he was made a Brigadier General on the special recommendation of Washington. He went home at last to be a prisoner in the Bastille, and to die, of fever or of poison, in a forest to which he had fled from Danton and Robespierre.

The Marquis de St. Simon, we know, was here, in command of the whole splendid corps, just landed from the fleet, called by Rochambeau "one of the bravest men that lived;" wounded while commanding in the French trenches, but who insisted on being carried to the assault at the head of his troops; who, after our war was ended, entered the service of Spain, and, after various fortunes, died a Captain-General of that Kingdom.

But a second Marquis de St. Simon was here also, of still greater historic notoriety, — a young soldier of twenty-one, who had been a pupil of D'Alembert; who lived to be the proposer to the Viceroy of Mexico

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of a canal to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific; and to be the author of a scheme for the fundamental reconstruction of society; — the founder of St. Simonianism, with Comte for a time as one of his disciples, and whose published works fill not less than twenty volumes.

And here was the Count MATTHIEU DUMAS, another of Rochambeau's aids, who bore a conspicuous part at one of the redoubts, and was one of the first to enter it, who returned home to be a member of the Assembly and a peer of France; whose last military service was with Napoleon at Waterloo, and who, in 1830, gave active assistance to Lafayette in placing Louis Philippe on the throne, — dying at eighty-four years of age.

Count CHARLES DE LAMETH was here, too, as an Adjutant General, and was severely wounded at the storming of the redoubts, who afterwards served in the French army of the North till the memorable 10th of August, 1792; who shared for a time the cruel imprisonment of Lafayette at Olmutz, became a Deputy at the Restoration, and was living as late as 1832.

But how can I attempt to portray the numerous, I had almost said the numberless, French officers of high name and family who were gathered on this field a hundred years ago, and who went home to so many strange fortunes, and not a few of them to such sad fates? It would require no small share of the genius which old Homer displayed in his wonderful catalogue of the ships and forces which came to the siege of Troy, when Pope translates him as demanding of the Muses

> "A thousand tongues,
> A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs."

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Time certainly would fail me were I to give more than the names of General de Choisy and the Marquis de Rostaing; of the Marquis and Count de Deux-Ponts; of the Counts de Custine and de Charlus, d'Audichamp and de Dillon, de l'Estrade, de St. Maime, and d'Olonne; of the Viscounts de Noailles and de Pondeux; of Admiral Destouches and Commodore the Count de Bougainville; of General Desandrouins and Colonel the Viscount d'Aboville; of Colonels de Querenet and Gimat, and Major Galvan; of M. de Menonville and the Marquis de Vauban; of M. de Béville and M. Blanchard; of Chevalier da la Vallette, M. de Bressolles, and M. de Broglie; of Chevalier, afterwards the Baron, Durand, a General of the French Army at the Restoration; of M. de Montesquieu, son of the author of "L'Esprit des Lois;" of M. de Mirabeau, brother of the matchless orator; of M. de Berthier, afterwards one of Napoleon's Chiefs of Staff, a Marshal of France, and Prince of Wagram. I must have omitted many who ought to be named in this enumeration; but enough have certainly been given to show what a cloud of witnesses and actors were here, whose names have since been celebrated in the annals of their own country, and which deserve a grateful mention in ours to-day. That famous "Field of Cloth of Gold," two centuries and a half before, when Francis I. and Henry VIII. met, in the valley of Ardres, to arrange an ominous family alliance, had hardly a more imposing representation of the nobles and notables of either land.

And now all the officers I have mentioned, and many more, French and American, are assembled, with the troops to which they are attached, on this hallowed

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spot, to be met, and welcomed, and fraternized with, by at least thirty-five hundred Virginian militia-men,—some of them under the command of the brave and excellent General WEEDON, some of them under Generals Edward Stevens and Robert Lawson, some of them under Colonel Gibson and Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington of the Artillery, with St. George Tucker, afterwards distinguished as an editor of Blackstone and as a Judge, serving here as a Major; but all recognizing, as their Commander-in-Chief, the patriotic and noble-hearted THOMAS NELSON, then Governor of the State. A finer or firmer spirit did not breathe than that of Thomas Nelson, Junior, as he was then called,—who had served in the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence; who had been one of the largest contributors to the relief of Boston during her sufferings from the Port Bill; who had commanded the State forces of Virginia from 1777; who had pledged his personal credit to raise a loan in 1780, and had advanced money from his own pocket to pay two Virginia regiments sent to the South for the support of General Greene; who now, as the Allied Armies approached Yorktown, had been active and untiring, beyond all other men, in preparing supplies of every sort to support and sustain them; and who pointed the first gun at his own dwelling-house in the town, supposing it to be occupied by Cornwallis or some of his officers, and offered a reward of five guineas for every shell which should be fired into it. Still another gallant Virginian was present at the siege,—no other than Henry Lee,—"Light Horse Harry," as he is called,—who describes the scene as an eye-witness in his

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"Memoirs of the War;" but he, with his legion, was attached to General Greene's army further south, and here, perhaps, only accidentally and as a spectator. Thomas Nelson, I repeat, was peculiarly and pre-eminently the representative of local Virginia on the day we commemorate; and his name must ever have a proud and leading place among the most precious memories which cluster around his native Yorktown.

I said of local Virginia,—for there was another representative of the Old Dominion here, greater than Nelson, greater than any one who could be named, present or absent, living or dead. I do not forget that, while America gave WASHINGTON to the world, Virginia gave him to America, and that it is her unshared privilege to recognize and claim, as her son, him whom the whole Country acknowledges and reveres as its Father!

Behold him here at the head of the American Line, presiding, with modest but majestic dignity, over this whole splendid scene of the Surrender! He is now in his fiftieth year, and has gone through anxieties and trials enough of late to have filled out the full measure of three score and ten. That winter at Valley Forge, those cabals of Conway, that mutiny in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the defection of Charles Lee, the treason of Benedict Arnold,—with all the distressing responsibilities in which it involved him,—the insufficiency of his supplies of men, money, food, and clothing, must have left deep traces on his countenance as well as in his heart. But he is the same incomparable man as when, at only twenty-one, he was sent as a Commis-

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sioner from Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French forces their authority for invading the King's dominions, or, as when, at twenty-three, he was the only mounted officer who escaped the French bullets at Braddock's defeat. And here he stands foremost, among their Dukes and Marquises and Counts and Barons, receiving the surrender of the standards under which he had then fought against France, as a British colonial officer!

From the siege of Boston, where he obtained his first triumph, to this crowning siege of Yorktown, — more than six long years, — he has been one and the same; bearing, beyond all others, the burden and heat of our struggle for independence; advising, directing, commanding; enduring deprivations and even injustices without a murmur, and witnessing the successes of others without jealousy, — while no such signal victory had yet been vouchsafed to his own immediate forces as could have satisfied a heart ambitious only for himself. But his ambition was only for his Country, and he stands here at last, with representatives of all the States around him, and with representatives of almost all the great Nations of the world as witnesses, to receive, on the soil of his own native and beloved Virginia, the surpassing reward of his fortitude and patriotism. He has many great functions still to fulfil, — in presiding over the Convention to frame the Constitution, and in giving practical interpretation and construction to that Constitution by eight years of the first Presidency. But, with this event, the first glorious chapter of his career is closed, and he will soon be found at Annapolis in the sublime attitude of voluntarily resigning to Congress

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the plenary commission he had received from them, and retiring to private life.

Virginians! you hold his dust as the most precious possession of your soil, and would not let it go even to the massive mausoleum prepared for it beneath the Capitol at Washington, which no other dust can ever fill. Oh, let his memory, his principles, his example, be ever as sacredly and jealously guarded in your hearts! No second Washington will ever be yours, or ever be ours. Of no one but him could it have been justly said: —

> All discord ceases at his name, —
> All rauks contend to swell his fame.

The highest and most coveted title which any man can reach, — not in our own land only, or in our own age only, but in all lands and in all ages, — will still and ever be — that "he approached nearest to Washington;" and in every exigency which may arise, the test questions of patriotism will be, — "What would Washington have said?" "What would Washington have done?" The eloquent Lamartine exclaimed, as he so fearlessly confronted the Red Flag of Communism, thirty-three years ago, in Paris: "The want of France is a Washington." Our own country knows how to sympathize with such a want. "While the Coliseum stands Rome shall stand," was the familiar proverb of antiquity. We associate the durability of our free institutions with no material structure. Columns and obelisks, statues and monuments, consecrated halls and stately capitols, may crumble and disappear; the little St. John's Church in Virginia, where Patrick

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Henry exclaimed, "Give me Liberty or give me Death," the old State House in Boston, where James Otis "breathed into this nation the breath of life,"—the Old South, Faneuil Hall, Carpenter's Hall and the Hall of Independence at Philadelphia, one after another, may be sacrificed to the improvement of a thoroughfare, or fall before the inexorable elements;—but when the character and example of Washington shall have lost their hold upon the hearts of the people, when his precepts shall be discarded and his principles disowned and rejected, we may then begin to fear, if not to despair, for the perpetuity of our Union and of our Freedom. We were all Virginians once, when the Pilgrim Fathers signed their little Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, and spoke of Plymouth and Massachusetts as "these northern parts of Virginia." We will all be Virginians again, in revering the Father of his Country, in recognizing him as worthy to be first forever in all American hearts, and in thanking God, that, after so many delays and discouragements and trials, he was privileged to find on his native soil, a hundred years ago to-day, the scene of his most memorable triumph.

And here, close at the side of Washington, behold the only other figure which remains to be specially designated on the field I have attempted to depict! He stands proudly in the American line, in which he had so long and gallantly served; but he stands as a representative of more than one land,—as a living link between two; The beloved Lafayette! He must have felt at that moment,—he certainly had a right to feel—that his fondest day-dream had been verified, his most ardent an-

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ticipations fulfilled. To the immediate consummation which he was now witnessing, his own compatriots had contributed the indispensable element of success, and for their co-operation he had lent the whole strength of his influence and his entreaties, and had led the way, at every cost and sacrifice, by his personal example. He had foreseen the result many months before, and thanked Washington in one of his letters, "for the most beautiful prospect which I may ever behold." A long and eventful career is still before him; for he is but twenty-four years old, — his twenty-fourth birthday having occurred during the progress of the siege. He hastens home to give the name of Virginia to the daughter born after his return. He is destined to command armies on his native soil. He is destined to be the subject of cruel imprisonment, and excite the sympathies of the civilized world. He is to be the arbiter of dynasties, and lead up "a citizen king" to the throne of France. He is to revisit in triumph the land he has aided, to be received with more than regal honors, and to return home to die at last with the respect and affection of all good men. But nowhere will he stand more proudly than here, on this field of Yorktown, by the side of his revered Washington, exulting in the legitimate fruits of his own untiring efforts. To no scene of his life did he recur with more enthusiasm; to no place did he come, during his last visit to our country, with more eagerness and even ecstasy. I have seen his own private letter to his friend, President Monroe, written at Yorktown on the 20th of October, 1824, when, in company with the Governor of Virginia, and Chief Justice Marshall, and Colonel Huger

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of South Carolina,— one of the two only surviving field officers of his American Light Infantry,—he had spent the forty-third Anniversary of the Surrender on this spot, and had been the subject of that brilliant ceremonial reception. It was from the lips of JAMES MADISON, not many years afterwards, and but a few years before his death, under his own roof at Montpelier, that I learned to think and speak of Lafayette, not merely as an ardent lover of liberty, a bosom friend of Washington, and a brave and disinterested volunteer for American Independence,—leading the way, as a pioneer, for France to follow,— but as a man of eminent practical ability, and as great, in all true senses of that term, as he was chivalrous and generous and good. Honor to his memory this day from every American heart and tongue, and a cordial welcome to M. Bureaux de Pusy, M. de Corcelle, and to all others of his relatives who have accepted the invitation of our Government, and whose presence on this occasion is hailed with such peculiar satisfaction and delight!

Said I not justly, Fellow-Citizens, at the outset of this Address, that our earliest and our latest acknowledgments to-day are due to France, for the joyous consummation which we are assembled to commemorate? Said I not justly, that—whatever confidence we may feel now, or whatever assurance there was then, that the ultimate result of the American struggle, whether aided or unaided, could have been nothing less than Independence — our immediate success in the arduous conflict was owing, under God, to the assistance of that generous and gallant nation? Never, never, can the fact be forgotten in the history of American liberty, nor ever can the obliga-

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tions which were thus incurred be lost from our most grateful recollections. Nor do I think that France herself has a page in all her annals which she would be less willing to obliterate, — least of all in these recent days when new ties of sympathy have been created between us as the two great sister Republics of the world. Certainly, if Lafayette himself could have looked forward from this field of Yorktown and foreseen that, when this Centennial Anniversary should be celebrated by the American people, his own beloved country would be represented here by the relatives of Rochambeau, and by his own descendants, — coming over as citizens of a French Republic, — he would have felt that all his heroic efforts and sacrifices had not been made for the liberty of America only. But he did foresee it, as through a glass darkly, it is true, for many years, but with a clearer and more confident eye before he died. Even at the moment of the Surrender, he wrote, — "Humanity has gained its suit: Liberty will never more be without an asylum." But at Bunker Hill, in 1825, during his triumphal tour, as the guest of the nation, he gave emphatic expression to his faith, as well as his hope, when, after toasting "The resistance to oppression which has already enfranchised the American Hemisphere," he added, "The next half-century's Jubilee-Toast shall be, TO ENFRANCHISED EUROPE!"

We do not forget that it was from a Bourbon Monarch we received this aid. We do not forget of what dynasty the vigilant and far-sighted Vergennes, and the accomplished but somewhat wavering Necker, were Ministers, — together with the aged Maurepas, over whose death-bed the tidings of this surrender "threw

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a halo." We do not forget that it was in the very uppermost ranks of French society that an enthusiasm for our contest for freedom first caught and kindled. We do not forget that it was from the highest nobility of France that so many of her brave soldiers came over to help us, and went home, alas! to reap such a harvest of horrors for themselves. We would not breathe a word or thought to-day in disparagement of those who were the immediate instruments of our success on this field. The sad fate of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and of so many of the gay young officers who were gathered here around Washington and Rochambeau, a century ago, cannot be recalled by Americans without emotion, as they reflect that, by the very act of helping us to the establishment of republican institutions, they were preparing the way for dethronement, exile, or death on the scaffold, for themselves.

But it is to France that our acknowledgments are due, —to France, then an Absolute Monarchy, afterwards an Empire, then a Constitutional Monarchy, again an Empire,—but always France: TOUJOURS LA FRANCE! She has many glories to boast of in her history, glories in art and science, glories in literature and philosophy, glories in peace and war, brilliant statesmen and orators and authors, heroic soldiers and captains and conquerors on land and on sea; and even in the later pages of that history, amid all her recent reverses, the endurance and fortitude of her marvellously mercurial people—rising superior to what seemed a crushing downfall—have won the admiration and sympathy of the world. When I witnessed personally, by a happy chance, the removal

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of the last scaffolding from that superb column in the Place Vendôme, restored in all its original beauty as a priceless monument of history, I could not but feel that the glories of France were safe. When we all witnessed, from afar, the magic promptness with which, at the call of her late admirable President, THIERS, and almost as at the touch of Midas, those millions of gold came pouring into the public coffers to provide for the immediate payment of her ransom from Germany, we all could not fail to feel, that she had a reserved power to reinstate herself, as she has done, among the foremost nations of the world. Yet as her children, and her children's children for a thousand years, and till time shall be no more, shall review her varied and most impressive annals, since Gaul was conquered by Julius Cæsar, down through the days of Clovis and Charlemagne, through all her dynasties, — Merovingian, Carlovingian and Capetian, Valois, Bourbon, Bonaparte, or Orleans,—their eyes will still rest, and still be riveted with just pride, on the brief but eventful story of this 19th of October, 1781. And as they read that story, her classical scholars will recall the account which the great Roman historian, Livy, has left us, of the splendid ceremonial at the celebration of the Isthmian games, when Titus Quinctius, the Roman Proconsul and General, having subdued Philip of Macedon, and given freedom and independence to Greece, from lip to lip the saying ran, and resounded over Corinth,— in words which might almost have been written prophetically, as well as historically,—"THAT THERE IS A NATION IN THE WORLD, WHICH, AT ITS OWN EXPENSE, WITH ITS OWN LABOR, AND AT ITS OWN RISK, WAGED WAR FOR THE LIBERTY OF OTHERS: AND THIS NOT MERELY FOR CONTIGUOUS

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STATES, OR FOR NEAR NEIGHBORS, OR FOR COUNTRIES THAT MADE PART OF THE SAME CONTINENT; BUT THAT THEY EVEN CROSSED THE SEAS FOR THE PURPOSE, SO THAT NO UNLAWFUL POWER SHOULD SUBSIST ON THE FACE OF THE WHOLE EARTH, BUT THAT JUSTICE, RIGHT, AND LAW SHOULD EVERYWHERE HAVE SOVEREIGN SWAY!"[1]

More than twenty centuries divide the two records. Twenty centuries more may hardly include their like again. The two interventions, take them for all in all,— their incidents, their objects, their results,—may, perchance, stand unique forever on the respective pages of ancient and modern history. Our own Republic, certainly, with the farewell warning of Washington in memory against all entangling alliances, and with its jealous adherence to Monroe doctrines, is neither in the way of reciprocating such aid, nor of ever invoking it again. Not the less gracefully and fervently, however, may we acknowledge and celebrate the noble act of France, and offer to her, as we do this day, in the name of our whole Country, and in the name of American Liberty, a renewed assurance of the gratitude which is so justly her due, and which no lapse of time can ever extinguish in our hearts. Our commemorative Column has lingered, indeed, with almost all the other monuments and statues ordered by our government in those days of narrow resources and inadequate art. All the more significantly and imposingly it will now rise,—not in mere fulfilment of the resolution of the old Continental Congress, but by the solemn decree of fifty millions of living people, with all the accumulated arrears of gratitude of intervening generations. "Major, quo

[1] Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

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serior, gloria, ubi invidia secessit." It will stand like some stately century plant, whose blossoms attract the gaze and admiration of observers all the more intently, because they have taken a hundred years for their development!

Welcome, welcome, then, to the Representatives of France, — of her President, of her Army and Navy and all her Departments, — His Excellency M. Outrey, Colonel Lichtenstein, General Boulanger, Captain de Cuverville, and the others, who have come, at the invitation of our Government, to witness some of the results of what Frenchmen did for us, and helped us to do for ourselves, so long ago; and may peace and good will be perpetual between the land of Lafayette and the land of Washington!

With the event which we are commemorating, the War of the American Revolution was practically closed. A year and a half still remained for General Greene to display his vigilance and valor at the South, and for General Heath and others to control and administer our posts at the North, while our Commissioners in Paris were exhausting all the arts of diplomacy in arranging the formal Treaty of Independence and Peace with Great Britain. Not until the 18th of April, 1783, was Washington able to issue his memorable Order for the Cessation of Hostilities, — a day which, as he said in that order, — referring to the first blood at Lexington and Concord, — "completes the eighth year of the war." But the real consummation had been accomplished on this field. The first blow for independence dates from Massachusetts. The Declaration of Independence dates from Phila-

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delphia. But the crowning and clinching victory is forever associated with Virginia, and throws unfading lustre upon these surrounding shores and plains. And thus, by a striking coincidence, the final, triumphal scene of our great revolutionary drama was reserved for the very same shores and surroundings on which the earliest American colonization was attempted, and at last successfully accomplished, under the inspiration of Sir Walter Raleigh, a century and a half before. Jamestown and Yorktown! How much of the most impressive history of our country is condensed in the names of those two neighboring Virginia localities,— at this day, indeed, but little more than names, but always to have a place in the same fond remembrance with Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill!

And now, Fellow-Countrymen, as we look back at that history at this hour, and see at what a great price our fathers purchased for us the freedom we are so richly enjoying,—at what a cost of toil and treasure and blood these Republican institutions of ours have been founded and built up,—can there fail to come home to each one of our hearts a deeper sense of our responsibility, as a people and as individuals, for upholding, advancing, and transmitting them unimpaired to our posterity? The century which has rolled away since the scene we commemorate needs no review on this occasion. It has made its mark upon our land, and written its own history on all our memories. The immense increase of our population, the vast expansion of our territory, the countless productions of our industry, the measureless mass of our crops, the magical reduction of our debt,

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the marvellous prosperity of our people, beyond that of all other nations of the earth, — all these are things not to boast of, as if they were of our own accomplishment, but to recognize and thank God for with all our hearts. Nor can we of this generation stand here to-day, on this Virginia soil, beneath this October sun, without an irrepressible thrill of exultation and thanksgiving, that we are here as brothers, from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, — all conflicts long over, and all causes for conflicts at an end, — fifty millions of people, all free and equal, and all recognizing one Country, one Constitution, one Flag, to be cherished in every heart, to be defended by every hand!

But it is of our future, not of the past or even of the present, that I would speak, in the brief remnant of this Address. It is not what we have been, or what we have done, or even what we are, that weighs on our thoughts at this hour, even to the point of oppressiveness; but what, what are we to be? What is to be the character of a second century of independence for America? What are to be its issues for ourselves? What are to be its influences on mankind at large? And what can we do, all powerless as we are to pierce the clouds which rest upon the future, or to penetrate the counsels of an over-ruling Providence, — what can we do to secure these glorious institutions of ours from decline and fall, that other generations may enjoy what we now enjoy, and that our liberty may indeed be "a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest," — a "Liberty enlightening the World"?

We cannot, if we would, conceal from others or from

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ourselves, that all has not gone well with us of late, and that there has been, and still is, in many minds, an anxious, if not a fearful, looking forward to what is to come. I do not forget that other lands have not been exempt from simultaneous and even similar troubles with our own, and that a contagion of crime and tumult seems to have been sweeping over both hemispheres alike. We need not, certainly, make too much of our own discreditable deadlocks at Washington or at Albany, while the Prime Minister of England is heard lamenting that "the greatest and noblest of all representative assemblies in the world is in some degree disabled, in some degree dishonored, by the abuse of rules intended for the defence of liberty." But these have not been the worst signs of our times. It was strikingly said, by a great moral and religious writer of old England in the last century, in relation to his own land, that "between the period of national honor and complete degeneracy there is usually an interval of national vanity, during which examples of virtue are recounted and admired without being imitated." Oh, let us beware lest we should be approaching such an interval in our own history! No one will deny that there is enough of recounting and extolling the great examples of virtue and valor and patriotism which have been left us by our fathers. Voices of admiration and eulogy resound throughout the land. Statues and monuments and obelisks are rising at every corner. There can hardly be too many of them. But vice and crime, peculation and embezzlement, bribery, corruption, profligacy, and even assassination, alas! stalk our streets and stare up at such memorials unrebuked and unabashed. And are

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there not symptoms of malarias, in some of our high places, more pestilent than any that ever emanated from Potomac or even Pontine marshes, infecting our whole civil service, and tainting the very life-blood of the nation?

Let me not exaggerate our dangers, or dash the full joy of this occasion, by suggesting too strongly that there may be poison in our cup. But I must be pardoned, as one of a past generation, for dealing with old-fashioned counsels in old-fashioned phrases. Profound dissertations on the nature of government, metaphysical speculations on the true theory of civil liberty, scientific dissections of the machinery of our own political system, — even were I capable of them, — would be as inappropriate as they would be worthless. Our reliance for the preservation of Republican liberty can only be on the common-place principles, and common-sense maxims, which lie within the comprehension of the children in our schools, or of the simplest and least cultured man or woman who wields a hammer or who plies a needle.

The fear of the Lord must still and ever be the beginning of our wisdom, and obedience to His commandments the rule of our lives. Crime must not go unpunished, and vice must be stigmatized and rebuked as vice. Human life must be held sacred, and lawless violence and bloodshed cease to be regarded as a redress or remedy for anything. It is not by assassinating Emperors or Presidents that the welfare of mankind or the liberty of the people is to be promoted. Such acts ought to be as execrable in the sight of man as they are in the sight of God. The only one-man power this

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country has had to tremble at, is the power of some wretched miscreant, seeking spoils but finding none, with a pistol in his hand, to neutralize and nullify the votes of millions, and put a beloved President to torture and to death. The rights of the humblest, as well as of the highest, must be respected and enforced. Labor, in all its departments, must be justly remunerated and elevated, and the true dignity of labor recognized. The poor must be wisely visited and liberally cared for, so that mendicity shall not be tempted into mendacity, nor want exasperated into crime. The great duties of individual citizenship must be conscientiously discharged. Peace, order, and the good old virtues of honesty, charity, temperance, and industry, must be cultivated and reverenced. The purity of private life must be cherished and guarded, and luxury and extravagance discouraged. Polygamy must cease to pollute our land. Profligate literature must be scorned and left unpurchased. Public opinion must be refined, purified, strengthened, and rendered prevailing and imperative, by the best thoughts and best words which the press, the platform, and the pulpit can pour forth. The pen and the tongue alike must be exercised under a sense of moral responsibility. In a word, the less of government we have by formal laws and statutes, the more we need, and the more we must have, of individual self-government.

For, my friends, there must be government of some sort, and it must be exercised and enforced. Cities and towns must make provision for all that relates to cities and towns. States, which still and always have duties, which still and always have rights, must provide for all

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that justly relates to States. And the general government of the Union must exercise its paramount authority over everything of domestic or foreign interest which comes within the sphere of its constitutional control. Civil service must be reformed. Elections and appointments, as Burke said, must be made "as to a sacred function and not as to a pitiful job." The elective franchise must be everywhere protected. Public credit must be maintained in city, state, and nation, at every sacrifice. Neither a gold nor a silver currency, nor both conjoined, — neither mono-metallisms nor bi-metallisms, — can form any substitute for the honesty and good faith which are the basis of an enduring public credit. Our independent judicial system, with all the rights and duties of the jury-box, must be respected and upheld. The army and the navy must be adequately maintained for the defence of our coasts and commerce and boundaries, and the militia not neglected for domestic exigencies; but Peace, at home and abroad, must still and ever be the aim and end of all our preparations for war. Above all, the Union, — the Union "in any event," as Washington said, — must be preserved!

But let me add at once that, with a view to all these ends, and as the indispensable means of promoting and securing them all, Universal Education, without distinction of race, must be encouraged, aided, and enforced. The elective franchise can never be taken away from any of those to whom it has once been granted, but we can and must make education co-extensive with the elective franchise; and it must be done without delay, as a measure of self-defence, and with the general co-opera-

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tion of the authorities and of the people of the whole country. One half of our country, during the last ten or fifteen years, has been opened for the first time to the introduction and establishment of free common schools, and there is not wealth enough at present in that region to provide for this great necessity. "Two millions of children without the means of instruction," was the estimate of the late Dr. Sears, in 1879. Every year brings another instalment of brutal ignorance to the polls, to be the subject of cajolement, deception, corruption, or intimidation. Here, here, is our greatest danger for the future. The words of our late lamented President, in his Inaugural, come to us to-day with redoubled emphasis from that unclosed grave on the Lake: "All the constitutional power of the Nation and of the States, and all the volunteer forces of the People, should be summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education." No drought or flood or conflagration, no succession of droughts or floods or conflagrations, can be so disastrous to our material wealth, as this periodical influx, these annual inundations, of ignorance, to our moral and political welfare. Every year, every day, of delay, increases the difficulty of meeting the danger. Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the States in which they live, the safety of the whole Republic, the dignity of the Elective Franchise, alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free!

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I know whereof I speak; and have certainly given time enough, and thought enough, to the subject, for fourteen years past, in my relations to a great Southern Trust, to learn, at least, what that Trust has done, what it can do, and what it cannot do. It has been thus far, as a voice crying in the wilderness, — calling on the people of the South to undertake the great work for themselves, and preparing the way for its successful prosecution. It may be looked back upon, one of these days, if not now, as the little leaven which has leavened the whole lump. But the whole lump must be kneaded and moulded and worked over, with unceasing activity and energy, by every town, village, and district, for itself, or there will be no sufficient bread for the hungry and famished masses. And there must be aids and appropriations and endowments, by Cities and States, and by the Nation at large, through its public lands, if in no other way, and to an amount, compared with which the gift of George Peabody — munificent as it was for an individual benefactor — is but as the small dust of the balance.

It is itself one of the great rights of a free people, to be educated and trained up from childhood to that ability to govern themselves, which is the largest element in republican self-government, and without which all self-government must be a failure and a farce, here and everywhere! It is indeed primarily a right of our children, and they are not able to enforce and vindicate it for themselves. But let us beware of subjecting ourselves to the ineffable reproach of robbing the children of their bread, and casting it before dogs, by wasting untold millions on corrupt or extravagant

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projects, and starving our common schools. The whole field of the Union is now open to education, and the whole field of the Union must be occupied. Free Governments must stand or fall with Free Schools. These and these alone can supply the firm foundation; and that foundation must, at this very moment, be extended and strengthened and rendered immovable and indestructible, like that of the gigantic obelisk at Washington, if the boasted fabric of liberty, for which this victory cleared the ground, is not to settle and totter and crumble!

Tell me not that I am indulging in truisms. I know they are truisms; but they are better — a thousand-fold better — than Nihilisms or Communisms or Fenianisms, or any of the other *isms* which are making such headway in supplanting them. No advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no glittering abstractions, no swelling phrases about freedom, — not even science, with all its marvellous inventions and discoveries, — can help us much in sustaining this Republic. Still less can any Godless theories of Creation, or any infidel attempts to rule out the Redeemer from his rightful supremacy in our hearts, afford us any hope of security. That way lies despair! Commonplace truths, old familiar teachings, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Farewell Address of Washington, honesty, virtue, patriotism, universal education, are what the world most needs in these days, and our own part of the world as much as any other part. Without these we are lost. With these, and with the blessing of God, which is sure to follow them, a second century of our Republic may be confidently looked forward to; and those who shall gather on this

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field, a hundred years hence, shall then exult, as we are now exulting, in the continued enjoyment of the free institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers, and in honoring the memories of those who have sustained them!

It is matter of record, Fellow-Citizens, that on the day after the Surrender here had taken place, Washington issued his General Order congratulating the Army on the glorious event. That Order concluded as follows: "Divine service is to be performed to-morrow in the several brigades and divisions. The Commander-in-Chief recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend, with the seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demand of us." Accordingly, on Sunday, the 21st of October, the various divisions were drawn up in the field to offer "to the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles," says the journalist Thacher, "their grateful homage for the preservation of our lives through the dangers of the siege, and for the important event with which Divine Providence has seen fit to crown our efforts."

The joyful tidings reached Philadelphia by the hand of Colonel Tilghman, at midnight of the 23d, and the next morning were formally communicated to Congress, when resolutions were passed, on motion of Mr. Randolph of Virginia, of which the very first was as follows: "Resolved, That Congress will at two o'clock this day go in procession to the Dutch Lutheran Church and return thanks to Almighty God for crowning the Allied Arms of the United States and France with success, by

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the surrender of the whole British Army under the command of the Earl of Cornwallis."

Two days only intervened when, on the 26th, a Solemn Proclamation was issued by Congress, acknowledging "the influence of Divine Providence in raising up for us a powerful Ally;" and praying God "to protect and prosper that illustrious Ally, and to favor our united exertions for the speedy establishment of a safe, honorable, and lasting peace."

In France the tidings were received with a similar recognition of the Divine aid; and orders were sent out at once by the King for a solemn Te Deum of thanksgiving by his troops in America. The King himself wrote a special letter to Rochambeau, signed by his own hand, and dated at Versailles, 26th of November, 1781, concluding with these impressive words: "In calling these events to the mind, and acknowledging how much the abilities of General Washington, your talents, those of the general officers employed under the orders of you both, and the valor of the troops, have rendered this campaign glorious, my chief design is to inspire the hearts of all as well as mine with the deepest gratitude towards the Author of all prosperity; and in the intention of addressing my supplication to Him for the continuation of his divine protection, I have written to the Archbishops and Bishops of my Kingdom to cause Te Deum to be sung in the churches of their dioceses; and I address this letter to inform you, that I desire it may be likewise sung in the town or camp where you may be with the corps of troops, the command of which has been entrusted to you, and that you would give orders that the

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ceremony be performed with all the public rejoicings used in similar cases, in which I beg of God to keep you in his holy protection."

All France, as well as all America, was thus ringing and resounding with the praise of God for our great deliverance.

"Not unto us, not unto us," was the emotion and the utterance of the whole American people, and of all who sympathized with the American people at that day; and "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise," must still be the emotion and the utterance of us all, as we contemplate the completed century of Republican liberty which that day ushered in. Commemorative columns and splendid ceremonials are fit tributes of gratitude to the mortal or immortal men of our own land and of other lands who were the instruments of achieving our independence. But "Glory to God in the Highest" must swell up from every true heart and lip at this hour for what Washington well called "the reiterated and astonishing interpositions" which not only carried us through the Revolution triumphantly, but which, during the century which has succeeded it, have overruled so wonderfully, to our permanent welfare, events which to human eyes seemed fatal to our prosperity and peace! The great French historian and statesman, Guizot, has reminded us, in that popular history of his own land to which he devoted the last labors of his life, that in 1776, before the Declaration of Independence, "the Virginians had adopted, at the close of their proclamations, the proudly significant phrase, 'God save the Liberties of America!'" Let that Virginia phrase be the fervent phrase of us

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all in all time to come; and let the legend we have stamped upon our coin, and inserted in the very eagle's beak, be indelibly impressed on every patriotic heart, — "IN GOD WE TRUST."

Fellow-Citizens of the United States, — Citizens of the old Thirteen of the Revolution, and Citizens of the new Twenty-five, whose stars are now glittering with no inferior lustre in our glorious galaxy, — yes, and Citizens of the still other States which I dare not attempt to number, but which are destined at no distant period to be evolved from our imperial Texas and Territories, — I hail you all as brothers to-day, and call upon you all, as you advance in successive generations, to stand fast in the faith of the Fathers, and to uphold and maintain unimpaired the matchless institutions which are now ours! "You are the advanced guard of the human race; you have the future of the world," said Madame de Staël to a distinguished American, recalling with pride what France had done for us at Yorktown. Let us lift ourselves to a full sense of such a responsibility for the progress of Freedom, in other lands as well as in our own. It is not ours to intervene for the redress of grievances, or for the establishment of Independence, elsewhere, as France did here, with fleets and armies. But we can, and must, intervene — and we are intervening, daily and hourly, for better or worse — by the influence and the force of our example. Next, certainly, to promoting the greatest good of the greatest number at home, the supreme mission of our Country is to hold up before the eyes of all mankind a practical, well-regulated, success-

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ful system of Free, Constitutional Government, purely administered and loyally supported, — giving assurance, and furnishing proof, that true Liberty is not incompatible with the maintenance of Order, with obedience to Law, and with a lofty standard of political and social Virtue. Every failure here, every degree of failure here, through insubordination or discord, through demoralization, corruption, or crime, throws back the cause of freedom everywhere, and presents our country as a warning, instead of as an encouragement, to the liberal tendencies of other governments and other lands. We cannot escape from the responsibility of this great Intervention of American Example; and it involves nothing less than the hope, or the despair, of the Ages! Let us strive, then, to aid and advance the Liberty of the world, in the only legitimate way in our power, by patriotic fidelity and devotion in upholding, illustrating, and adorning our own Free Institutions. "Spartam nactus es: Hanc exorna!" There is no limit to our prosperity and welfare, if we are true to those institutions. We have nothing now to fear except from ourselves. There is no boundary line for separating us, without cordons of custom-houses, and garrisons of standing armies, which would change the whole character of those institutions. We are One by the configuration of nature and by the strong impress of art, — inextricably intertwined by the lay of our land, the run of our rivers, the chain of our lakes, and the iron network of our crossing and recrossing and ever multiplying and still advancing tracks of trade and travel. We are One by the memories of our fathers. We are One by the hopes of our children. We are

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One by a Constitution and a Union which have not only survived the shock of Foreign and of Civil War, but have stood the abeyance of almost all administration, while the whole people were waiting breathless, in alternate hope and fear, for the issues of an execrable crime. We are One — bound together afresh — by the electric chords of sympathy and sorrow, vibrating and thrilling, day by day of the livelong summer, through every one of our hearts, for our basely wounded and bravely suffering President, — bringing us all down on our knees together in common supplications for his life, and involving us all at last in a common flood of grief at his death! I cannot forget that as I left President Garfield, after a friendly visit at the Executive Mansion last May, his parting words to me were, "Yes, I shall be with you at Yorktown." We all miss him and mourn him here to-day; and not only the rulers and people of all nations have united with us in paying homage to his memory, but Nature herself, I had almost said, has seemed to sympathize in our sorrow, — giving us ashes for beauty, and parched and leaden leaves on all our forests, instead of their wonted autumn glories of crimson and gold! But I dare not linger, amid festive scenes like these, on that great affliction, which has added, indeed, "another hallowed name to the historical inheritance of our Republic," but which has thrown a pall of deepest tragedy upon the falling curtain of our first century. Oh, let not its influences be lost upon us for the century to come, but let this very field, consecrated heretofore by a great surrender of foreign foes, be hereafter associated, also, with the nobler surrender to each other of all our old sectional

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animosities and prejudices, and let us be One, henceforth and always, in mutual regard, conciliation, and affection!

"Go on, hand in hand, O States, never to be disunited! Be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity! Join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds! And then —" But I will not add, as John Milton added, in closing his inimitable appeal on Reformation in England, two centuries and a half ago — "A cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations who seeks to break your Union!" No imprecations or anathemas shall escape my lips on this auspicious day. Let me rather invoke, as I devoutly and fervently do, the choicest and richest blessings of Heaven on those who shall do most, in all time to come, to preserve our beloved Country in UNITY, PEACE, and CONCORD!

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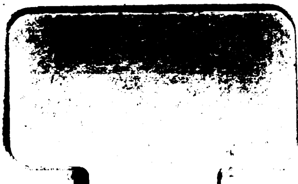

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